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Gyp, the Heiress.

(*DRAMA.*)

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GYP, THE HEIRESS;

OR, THE DEAD WITNESS.

A DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

— BY —

L. L. WARE.

—o—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

OSCAR ROYALTON.....*Gyp's Guardian.*
SI THORNTON.....*A Villain.*
TAKEMQUICK.....*An Insurance Agent.*
HOP SING, *a Chinaman* }
HEZEKIAH HOPEFUL, *a tramp* } .....
GYP.....*The Heiress.*
CLARA ROYALTON.....*Oscar's Sister.*
RACHEL CROSBY.....*Speaks for herself.*
SISTER CARMETA.....*Dead Witness.*

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Drawing-room of Oscar Royalton, Silver City, Nevada.

Aunt Rachel—Oscars Aunt, from down East—Hezekiah Hopeful, a tramp—"No mustach near me"—Gyp—a-b-c—Thornton the Villain—A sacred trust—Royalton depart for the East—Clara and Thornton—He demands the papers—"I'll guard them with my life—Supposed murder of Clara and Hezekiah—"Heavens! I'm a murderer—I'll burn the house and conceal my crime—Exciting fire scene.

ACT II.—Hop Sing's Laundry.

Takemquick—A live Insurance man—Rachel and Gyp—Hop Sing and Rachel—The fight—Takemquick on hand—Sister Carmeta reveals a secret to Gyp and Rachel—Thornton's demand of Hop Sing, his accomplice—The refusal—An attempt to murder Hop Sing—The Dead Witness appears.

ACT III.—Thornton's Law-Office.

Hezekiah the tramp, secures a position in Thornton's office—Takemquick—Hezekiah reveals to Gyp who her enemy is—"Trust me I'll get your fortune for you"—Hezekiah's novel—Sister Carmeta—"I'm here to avenge the death of Clara Royalton"—The shot—I am the Dead Witness—"A colt revolver"—Oscar disguised—A game of cards—"Discovered"—Oath of vengeance—Hezekiah holds both bowers.

ACT IV.—Same Scene as Act III.

Love scene between Hezekiah and Rachel—Proposal—Two notes—Thornton shot by Hop Sing—Oscar in disguise—Clara is the Dead Witness, who escaped death in the burning house—Oscar throws off disguise and introduces Gyp as his wife—Death of Thornton—Devils toast—Hezekiah presents papers to prove Gyp's inheritance and is ready for matrimony—Aunt Rachel finally surrenders and all are happy.

COSTUMES TO SUIT CHARACTERS.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—TWO HOURS.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

TMP92-007554

"Gyp The Heiress;"

—OR, THE—

DEAD WITNESS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Well furnished room. Table L., *chairs* R. *and* L., HEZEKIAH HOPEFUL *seated* L. *asleep; curtain up; bell rings;* HOPEFUL *wakes up, etc.*

Hez. (*yawning*) Gee whiz! There goes that breakfast bell and I've not got this room dusted yet. Lord! What will Mr. Oscar say? I don't care though, if he does kick! I ain't no steam locomotive. I have to rest some as well as other people. Here I've got to sit up and drink poor whiskey with him every night till he gets the swell head, and it takes a slop bucket full to fix him too, and then in the morning I've got to vinegar him and pickel him, and soda water him to take the swell out of his head; in doing that I've just lost so much sleep, I don't see how I am to ever catch up again. (*yawns*) Well, I guess there ain't no use of putting it off any longer, so I'll just get to work and clean out this establishment. (*pulls off coat, steps backwards and falls over foot stool*) Now, there it goes again, there is too darn much furniture in this house anyway. (*kicks stool out*, R.) There, now I guess you'll not bother me any more. There is just this about it, there has got to be more servants or less work, or dod gast my wig if I don't discharge myself, (*dust with coat*) The beauty of this duster is this: You wear it for a coat and when you see a spot of dust, pull off your coat and slap at it, that saves you the trouble of hunting up the duster every time, and that's quite an item to a feller that has a delicate constitution like me.

Enter, RACHEL *with umbrella*, R. E., *looks around bewildered.*

I need peace and quiet, that's what I want. (*hits* RACHEL *with coat*) Look out! Call some other time, this is my busy day.

(*dusts*

Rachel. (C.) Well, I've rid in steam keers with Indians and been jostled by niggers and elbowed by Chinamen, but I never thought that I would have to mix with Mexician Greasers. O! I never.

(*fans*

Hez. Say, look out there female, don't you call me greaser. I

hain't lived in the west five years fer nothing, and when I'm riled I'm mad.

Rachel. Do tell! And you have lived here five years; well you don't look as if you had energy enough to live five minutes. How'd you do it? (*fans*

Hez. Well, I-I-I ain't got no trade. I work some and tramp some. I didn't really live, I just simply existed like any other fungus growth. (*dusts*

Rachel. Yes, I 'spose so—No trade—That's bad. You ought to have a trade. Now, I'm a poor lone unprotected female, but I calculate I am able to take care of myself.

Hez. (*aside*) Yes, I should think so.

Rachel. Say, Mr. where are you from?

Hex. I am from Maine, where they put up ice all summer.

Rachel. Maine? How did you ever have courage to get away out here in Nevada by yourself?

Hez. Do you think I am a coward? There ain't the least bit of a coward about me. Why I'll tell you what I've done, I've fought bears with one hand, wild cats with the other and made love to a pretty girl all at the same time.

Rachel. Was the girl blind?

Hez. Say! Don't you get me mad. When I get riled, fire flies out of my eyes, smoke comes out of my ears; I just naturally foam up and-and-and-boil away.

Rachel. (*musingly*) You work some and tramp some. Mostly tramp, I should think.

Hez. (*mad*) Say, *I* am Colorado Charley (*draws knife*) from Dead Man's Gulch. (*draws revolver*) I've killed three men.

Rachel. (*charges him with umbrella*) Well, Mr. Colorado Charles you get out of here. (*strikes him*) Killed three men. (*strikes*) Ain't killed any wimmen yet have you? (*strikes*) And when you think you can scare Rachel Scroby with your western breezes, let me know; (*drives him out* 1 E.) and if you show yourself in here again there will be trouble. (*seated* R., *fans*) Colorado Charley from Dead Man's Gulch killed three men, well he didn't even scare me. I didn't teach school in the back districts of Ingiana ten years for nothing, and speaking of schools reminds me—I've come all the way out here in this uncivilized community to teach *one* person—Gyp, I believe they call her. My niece and nephew, Clara and Oscar Royalton, the only living relatives I've got, sent for me to come and teach some stray piece of humanity they've picked up somewhere. I wonder if everybody is dead about here but that greaser of a servant; I wonder if I have missed the house. No, I havn't, for they said to come to Silver City. (*sneer*) Silver City indeed, two saloons and a drove of cattle, is that what they call city in the west?

Enter, OSCAR, L. E.

Oscar. Well, Clara I've—— O! I beg pardon, I thought it was my sister. (RACHEL *turns*) What! Aunt Rachel! is it really you? (*greeting*) Why, we did'nt expect you before to-morrow. When I came in the room and saw you, I supposed it was Clara. This is a surprise indeed, and there was no one at the station to meet you either, but then Silver City is so small there is not much danger of one getting lost, but how did it come that you arrived a day sooner than you said in your letter. You said you would be here Thursday and this is only Wednesday.

Rachel. Why, I started a day sooner of course, but good land! do you mean to say that you are Oscar Royalton *little* Oscar?

Oscar. Yes, I'm Oscar Royalton *little* Oscar if you want to have it that way, but do you think time has worked such a change in me, aunt?

Rachel. Good gracious! Yes, why the last time I saw you—

Oscar. But that was thirteen years ago, aunt.

Rachel. Of course it was, and I thought you to be the awkwardest and ugliest looking specimen of humanity I ever saw, but you have grown to be a tolerable good looking fellow now; do tell now, is that mustache real? (*fans*

Oscar. Certainly, aunt, let me prove it. (*advances*

Rachel. Don't! don't! (*hastily*) I wouldn't have a mustach any closer to me for anything. (*retreats*, R.

Oscar. But aunt, it has been a long time since I saw you; just imagine that I am still a boy. (*advances*

Rachel. You may still be a boy in mind but not in stature. I wouldn't kiss a real live man for worlds; don't care if you are my nephew—where is Clara?

Oscar. (*aside*) That settles the kiss question. (*aloud*) That's just what I want to know. I supposed she was in this room when I first came in, I wanted to see her and talk with her awhile, as I just received word that will call me to the East for awhile. If you will excuse me aunt, I'll go and see if I can find her. (*turns*) O! here comes Gyp, she can tell us where she is.

Rachel. Gyp! Who is Gyp? O! she is the one that you wanted me to teach. Tell her to hurry up, I want to see her. (*fans*

Oscar. Well, she is not used to being commanded, aunt, but rather to command herself, as she does as she pleases with Clara and I.

Rachal. O! she does, does she? Well, she will soon get used to be commanded while I am around. (*suddenly*) Are you going to marry her?

Oscar. I-I-really aunt, I couldn't say; it is doubtful, very doubtful.

Rachel. Doubtful, is it? Not on your part, I'll be bound. What's her other name?

Oscar. Gyp, just Gyp. Of course she has another name, but we never use it. Her name is Gyp Golden, but here she is at last, she can speak for herself.

Enter, GYP L. E.

Gyp. O! Oscar! Such a time as we did have, and what a glorious ride up hill and down dale, and my pony—

Oscar. You like your pony then, do you Gyp?

Gyp. Like him! Why he is just simply immense, Clara and I have been running races all the afternoon, and I beat her too.

Rachel. Land sakes! And that's the girl they sent for me to tame.

Gyp. (*sees* RACHEL) Gracious! Oscar, why didn't you tell me you had visitors!

Oscar. This is aunt Rachel, Gyp; you know she was to be here to-morrow, but got here a day sooner.

(GYP *advances and offers to shake hands*, RACHEL *pays no attention*

Rachel. Young lady do you know your a-b-c's?

Gyp. (*perplexed*) I-I-beg pardon.

Rachel. (*sharply*) Can you read?

Gyp. (*coldly*) Certainly, madam.

Rachel. How many is twice 2?

Gyp. (*to* OSCAR) What does she mean?

Oscar. (*laughing*) Why! Aunt, we diden't send for you to teach Gyp, but to be her companion, as Clara and I are always occupied. We haven't the time to devote to her, so we thought that it would be a good idea to have you here with her. She has a good education, but in the society there is around here in this western country, she will need constant companionship to keep from growing rusty.

Enter, CLARA, L. E.

Ah! Clara, here is a surprise for you—

Clara. *What!* Aunt Rachel. (*greeting*) O! I am so glad to see you. (*goe* R.

Oscar. (*turns* L., *calls*) Hopeful! Hopeful!

Enter, HEZEKIAH, L. E,

Hez. Well, sir!

Oscar. Show aunt Rachel to her room.

Rachel. No he won't either, I don't want no Mexican—

Oscar. He is no Mexican; he is a real downeast Yankee.

Rachel. Is he! Well, I didn't know what he was. Nationality is so badly mixed out here. Clara and Gyp will show me to my room.

Hez. Well, if there is anything you want just hitch a telephone on to my room and I'll be there in rather less than no time. (*exit*, L.

Oscar. (*looking after* HEZ.) A queer genius, that works some and tramps some; he may stay here a year, or he may start out tramping to-morrow. (*to* RACHEL) They will show you your room and then we will have supper.

Rachel. Yes, the room, that's what I want. I've been yelled at by hack drivers and screamed at by policemen, jostled around by Chinese and elbowed by niggers, till I am just completely, all in a flutter. I don't feel as if I would ever want to eat again.

Oscar. Nonsense aunt, a few hours rest will make quite a difference. Gyp, you show her the room, as I wish to speak with Clara. (*exit*, RACHEL *and* GYP, R. E.) Now Clara, as I wish to speak with you in regard to that business of a few days ago, there are a few receipts to sign and a contract to write out, we will go to my desk and get through as soon as possible. (*exeunt*, L. E.

Enter, THORNTON, R. E.

Thorn. Well I must say, Royalton has things fixed up rather nobby for a cattle ranch, (*looks around*) and considering that he is using another persons money to do it with. I should say that is carrying things with a high hand—well ride a high horse in the morning and you will walk before night, as the old saw goes, and as I have searched in vain for five years for Royalton and found him at last, by accident, I think I will settle accounts with him very speedily. My uncle styled me a gambler and everything else that's bad. He didn't call me a thief, but I'll add that word to my title before I'll

loose his fortune, for his money I *will* have by fair means or by foul.

Enter, HEZEKIAH, L. E.

Hez. Well, here I am all complete and regular, I feel as light as air. I remind myself of a feather; somebody hold me or I fly away, and—(*sees* THORNTON) Who the devil are you?

Thorn. That's rather an abrupt way of putting it, my friend, but I will in the mean time relieve your curiosity—my name does not matter, I am a passenger on the stage coach that has stopped here for change of horses. I strolled in here, thinking it was a hotel, and as I saw no one to apologise to after I found my mistake, I was just on the point of leaving when you come in.

Hez. Stay here a month if you want to Mr.

Thorn. Thanks for your invitation, my friend.

Hez. Well partner, in the first place I ain't a friend of yours or anybody else but myself, and in the second place this is not my house, so you see it's all the same to me whether you go or stay, but I rather, just a little bit rather you'd go, "sava?"

Thorn. You are a plain spoken fellow anyhow. How long will it be before the stage is ready to move on?

Hez. Hard to tell, very hard, for one of the lead horses has got the colic. There are three drivers down there swearing at him, but it don't seem to do him any good, poor devil. Well I must go and see Mr. Oscar and tell him about the stage, as he is going away in it.

Thorn. (*aside*) Royalton going away—ha! that's lucky for me. (*aloud*) Where is he going?

Hez. That's none of your business, and then besides I don't remember.

Thorn. (*taking out money*) Would five dollars help you to remember?

Hez. (*aside*) I wonder what the devil he is driving at. (*aloud*) Well, five dollars would make a fellow remember a good ways back.

Thorn. Well, I will give you five dollars if you will tell me where Royalton is going.

Hez. Gosh! that will set me up in business again. Well here is "coming for you." (*takes money*) He is going to Cincinnati and I am going to the saloon. So long old man, see you later.

(*exit*, L. E.

Thorn. Going to Cincinnati is he? Well, I'll see that he don't get back in a hurry. (*looks* L.) Ah! here he comes now, he and his precious sister. I think I will just take the liberty of listening to their conversation. "Points" is what I need now, before I make the next move. (*retires*, R., 1 E.

Enter, OSCAR *and* CLARA, L., 2 E.

Oscar. Now Clara, I am going to tell you something that may surprise you. I am going to tell you the history of Gyp—

Clara. Of Gyp? Why you told me that long ago.

Oscar. Not all of it, but I must hasten, for I have to leave in the stage.

Clara. What! Going away now? You must be crazy.

Oscar. I just received word that demands my presence in Cincinnati, and I will probably be detained two months, and may be longer.

Clara. But you forget; who is to attend to the cattle? Who is to do the work?

Oscar. Hopeful will be here.

Clara. Hopeful! Why he is a common tramp, he may stay here a year, or he may go away to-morrow.

Oscar. No, he has promised me he would stay, and now in regard to Gyp. You know—

Clara. I know that she is an orphan; that her father died in the gold mines, and that he trusted her and her fortune with you.

Oscar. Yes, you know that much, but that is not all, her father trusted me like brother trusts brother, he wished me to keep Gyp in ignorance of her fortune until her twenty-first birthday, and then I was to tell her and she was to come in full possession of it.

Clara. Well, there is nothing very startling in that, is there? You said awhile ago that you would surprise me.

Oscar. Listen, and you may yet be surprised. Anson Golden, Gyp's father, at the time of his death, thought that he had no living relative but Gyp. He had a scrape grace nephew, Philip Darkwood, by name, who committed a forgery in N. Y., fled to sea, and was supposed to have perished, as the ship he was on went down with all on board.

Clara. Well, if Philip Darkwood is dead, what has he got to do with Gyp and her money?

Oscar. But you didn't let me finish—I have learned lately that Darkwood is not dead, and is on the trace of Gyp, and that is what calls me to the East, to throw him off the track if possible, for if he finds her he will use any means that he can command to secure her fortune. (*takes papers out of pocket*) I have papers proving that she is Gyp Golden, her mother's marriage certificate, and certificates of deposite for all her money in the Leadville National Bank, which I shall leave with you while I am away. Clara, guard those papers with your life if need be, for it is the greatest trust you have ever had. (*impressive*

Clara. Oscar, you know that I am not easily scared. I will keep the papers and guard them well, never fear, if they have the importance attached to them you say they have, I will sacrifice honor, home, even life, rather than harm should come to Gyp. (*whistle*) There goes the stage whistle, the driver is calling the passengers, and now Oscar, good-by, don't stay away longer than—

Oscar. No, never fear, I won't stay longer than is absolutely necessary; good-by Clara and remember *your trust.* (*exit*, L. E.

Clara. Remember my trust! Yes, and I will guard it well too, as he says, it is the greatest trust of my life.

Enter, RACHEL *and* GYP, R. E., HEZEKIAH L. E.

Rachel. Trusts! Have you got trusts out here too? A life trust too. Now we've got trusts back in Indiana. There's the salt trust and the sugar trust, but I never heard of a life trust before. What won't they get up next?

Hez. They've got a bigger trust than that now, old lady—English fellers come over here and bought all the mountains in North America.

Rachel. Don't call me old, if you please, but what did they want with those mountains?

Hez. They are going to put a man on top of every one to get the silver lining off the clouds that pass over.

Gyp. Hopeful, stop that nonsense and be sensible for once in your life.

Hez. That ain't nonsense. That's straight high proof, 90 per cent and I've got a bigger one than that, (*holds up beer bottle*) here's trusting that I will have this bottle full from now on.

Clara. Now Hopeful, you are not going to get drunk the first thing after Oscar leaves, are you?

Hez. I don't know.

Gyp. Why, of course you won't, and just to think, he has left you in charge of everything here—

Hez. He! He who?

Gyp. Why! Oscar, of course.

Hez. O! Well I am not as much stuck on him as I am on "Old Rocky Mountain dew." (*holds up bottle*

Clara. O! dear! What are we to do? I told Oscar how it would be before he left.

Gyp. Three of us left here on this lonely ranch by ourselves.

(CLARA *and* GYP, *exit* L. E.

Hez. What's the matter with me, I'm here yet, don't I count?

Rachel. Say, Mr., what's-your-name, don't you think that if you had a barrel of whiskey that you could soon succeed in drinking enough to kill yourself? (*exit*, L.

Hez. (*drops bottle; follows*) I don't know, but I'm sure I'd try. When can you get the whiskey? (*exit*, L. E.

Enter, THORNTON, R., 3 E.

Thorn. So that's the way the wind blows, is it? Royalton leaves for the East and the servants ready to leave for anywhere. Well that suits my purpose better. Surely I am playing in luck this time. And they know that Philip Darkwood is not dead. Well Royalton is going on a "fools errand." If he thinks to out-wit Philip Darkwood he will find out his mistake. (*seated*) And Gyp is to be kept in ignorance of her fortune until her twenty-first birthday; she can't be far from that now, but those papers, I must have them and that to night too. I don't like to make a common sneak thief of myself, but a man must have money. Ah! here comes Royalton's sister, now for the first act in the drama.

Enter, CLARA L., THORNTON *rises.*

Good evening madam, I hope you will excuse this seeming intrusion, but my name is Thornton, of the firm of Thornton & Sharp, attorney's at law in St. Louis. I have called here in quest of Mr. Royalton.

Clara. He left for the East in the stage less than an hour ago. He will probably not return for two months, but as I am managing his business affairs for him in his absence, maybe—

Thorn. I called to see him in regard to Miss Golden—Gyp Golden.

Clara. What! Gyp Golden!

Thorn. Yes, I believe your brother is acting as guardian for Miss Golden, now.

Clara. Yes sir! But what business can you have with Oscar in regard to Gyp?

Thorn. I also believe that when Anson Golden died, he trusted

your brother with quite a sum of money, for Miss Golden. Am I not right in my belief?

Clara. Sir, you are presuming too far; you are prying into private affairs that do not concern you. I decline to answer!

Thorn. That is rather a loose way of doing business you admit.

Clara. Sir, will you be good enough to leave the room?

Thorn. Philip Darkwood, Anson Golden's nephew, who, by a false report, was supposed to be dead, now comes forward and lays claim to Golden's fortune.

Clara. You forget sir, how could Darkwood lay claim to Golden's fortune over Gyp, for she was his daughter and Darkwood only his nephew?

Thorn. Darkwood, also, brings forward conclusive proof that Gyp was an adopted child which lets Darkwood's claim in as the only living relative. Now as Royalton has papers in his possession claiming the Golden fortune for Gyp, these papers must be a forgery, and in the interest of Mr. Darkwood, I demand those papers.

Clara. What! Give up the papers claiming the fortune for Gyp? Never! Your demand is useless, sir, I will *never* comply with it and once more I request you to leave this house.

Thorn. Madam, I am not a man to stand any foolishness. I demand those papers; hand them over or I shall have to use force.

Clara. I am not easily frightened sir, as you will find out, I have requested you twice to leave this room and now I say, that if you don't leave I shall call the servant and have you put out.

Thorn. Do you think I will leave without those papers? Hand them over I say! *(work this up*

Clara. Never! I said I would guard them with my life and I will. I'll die before you shall have them.

Thorn. Then die, curse you, for the papers I must have. *(advances*

Clara. Coward! to attack a woman.

Hez. *(out* R.) Gee whiz! O! my! etc.

Thorn. *(startled)* Heavens! Caught in my own trap. *(retires up stage*

Enter, HEZEKIAH, R., 2 E.

Hez. Gosh! say, I didn't know a "dad busted" cow could kick backwards, I always thought that they kinder wound round like that *(indicates)* and got a feller on the rebound, but—

THORN *gets bottle on floor; slips up behind* HEZEKIAH *and strikes him on head;* HEZEKIAH *reals and falls out* R., 2 E.

Thorn. Take that, for a meddlesome fool, curse you! Girl! give me those papers!

Clara. Never! I'll guard them with my life.

Thorn. Then curse you for an obstinate fool, die! *(draws knife, strikes,* CLARA *falls* C., *strikes again; takes papers out of* CLARA'S *dress; rises)* Heavens! I've murdered her. I didn't intend to go that far, but I must conceal all traces of my crime. I'll fire the house. The fortune is mine, now.

Exit, L. E., *light* L. E., *bell rings, excited voices cry fire! fire! fire! help! etc.* GYP *runs in* R., *raises* CLARA'S *head as though to drag off; cries help! help! help!* *(don't hurry this*

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—HOP SING'S *Laundry. Door* R., *table* L. F. *Box* R. F., *for* SING *to iron on.*

Sing. (*ironing and singing*) My name Hop Sing, comee from Chinee. Me got an alica gal, she no likee me. Me from Hong Kong; Melican man come along, stealee alica gallee from poor Chinee (*tries iron, burns hand, etc.*

Enter, THORNTON, L. E.

Thorn. Well Sing, how are you making it now? Muchee washee?

Sing. (*Shakes head*) No good, no good, no muchee washee, no money, no nothing, Melican man allee samee dead beat. What you want, washee?

Thorn. "Washee?" no I don't want any washing done, I just came around to tell you that you will have a lady visitor sometime this afternoon.

Siny. No likee Melican girls; allee samee me kickee out in street.

Thorn. Well you'll like this one or it will be the worse for you, do you understand you pumpkin colored heathen? (SING *raises iron*

Sing. Melican man better look out; allee samee smashee. (THORNTON *draws revolver*

Thorn. Say China! you lay down that iron or I'll pierce your ears for you, and if I find that I'll have to put a hole through your heart, first; remember I shan't stand back on doing it, I think you have known me long enough to know that haven't you?

Sing. No! no! no! don't shoot china man; china man do allee samee what Melican man say; no shootee. (*on knees*

Thorn. Then mind and keep your tongue to yourself after this. The lady that will be in this evening is my sister, do you understand that? And you treat her civilly to, or I'll break that yellow neck of yours.

Sing. Me do! me do what melican man say, only no shootee, poor chinee man.

Thorn. When she comes, you tell her to stay here until I come. I'll be here in the course of the evening. (*turns*) Curse that China-man, I'll have to kill him yet, he knows too much about that Royalton affair. (*exit*, L., 1 E.

Sing. (*follows* THORNTON L.) Allee samee kill Melican man some time.

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, R. E., SING *turns.*

Tak. Let me take his life first. (*pencil and paper*

Sing. What Melican man want? Who you goin' killee?

Tak. O! I ain't going to kill anybody, I just want to take his life.

Sing. (*aside*) Melican man allee samee see snakee.

Tak. But seeing that fellow has gone, I'll just take your life. (*business with papers*

Sing. (*hands up*) Poor chince man allee samee gone this time shure.

Tak. Takemquick is my name, representing the great Equitable Life, Fire, and Tornado Insurance Co. Insurance is something that every man should carry, a yellow chinese not excepted. Now then John, have you got any money?

Sing. Chinee man got no money. Melican man better leave, Hop Sing want to work.

Tak. Well go to work then, I won't bother you. Say, don't you want money?

Sing. (*quickly*) Yip! you bet! wantee allee money can get. You give poor chinee money?

Tak. Well not exactly, but I can put you in the way of getting money. Just take out a policy of about $20,000 and then you get lots of money.

Sing. Me allee samee take money, you bet! When you get?

Tak. Why, you don't get the money until you die, of course.

Sing. No get money till then?

Tak. No of course not, you don't expect to take out a policy on your life and draw the money as soon as the policy is made out, do you?

Sing. What the devil chinee man want with money after him dead? Melican man try to fool poor chinee. Better git or allee samee get smashee in neck with iron. (*raises iron*

Tak. You study over the policy and I'll be in again this evening. (*exit*, R. E.

Sing. (*goes* R. *for irons*) Melican man no foolee poor chinee. Chinee man allee samee, washee. Melican man allee samee loafee, loafee.

Enter, GYP *and* RACHEL L., 2 E.

Rachel Well, I don't see what that woman ever wanted us to come to this Chinese's laundry to see her for. Now, if she wanted to see us, why didn't she come to our house and not have us come here with heathen Chinese?

Gyp. Hush! Rachel. She said she could give us some information of Oscar and tell us something about the killing of Clara. You know she is a Sister of Charity, and they have peculiar ideas as well as—

Rachel. Yes, and awful poor ideas too. But since we are here I suppose we will have to wait for her. Gracious! I am just completely tired out. I wonder what that yellow complected heathen would do if I was to sit down and rest awhile? (*sits*, L.

Re-enter, SING, L. E.

Sing. What Melican woman want, washee?

Rachel. Don't come any closer, for goodness sake.

Sing. No want washee done? Come after washee give me checkee.

Rachel. Gracious! Gyp, let's go before he gets furious.

Sing. No checkee, no washee?

Gyp. He thinks that we have come after laundry; Rachel, let me explain to him. (*to* SING) We don't want any laundry, we come here to see a Sister of Charity.

Sing. Don't know any Sister of Charity, Melican girl better leave too muchee bother Hop Sing. Old woman better go too.

Rachel. Shut up! You old pumpkin colored idiot! I'll give you to understand that I'm not old, sir!

Gyp. Don't get him mad Rachel. (*to* SING) We want to wait here until the Sister comes. We must see her. She said she would come here. Can't we wait in one of these rooms?

Sing. Can wait in there. (*points* R., GYP *goes* R., RACHEL *starts to follow*) Old woman no stay, got too muchee tongue. Melican girl stay; old woman go.

Rachel. Stand out of the way!

Sing. Old woman no stay; got to go.

Rachel. I'll show you whether I don't stay or not. (*chases* SING *with umbrella; drives him out* L.) I've been in the West two months, and if I stay two more I'll have the country civilized. (*exit,* R.

Re-enter, SING, L., *looks around.*

Sing. Oola! Melican woman allee samee go after chinee man lik ee cyclone.

Enter, TAKEMQICK, R. E.

Tak. Well John, here I am back again. As I could'nt catch up with that fellow, I thought I would just come back and and take your life; as I suppose you have made up my mind to take out a policy?

Sing. I think Melican man got to get out of here. Allee samee tell you to go, awhile ago.

Tak. Now hold on China; don't get excited. Let me tell you some of the good points in insurance.

Sing. Don't want any good points; want Melican man to leave. Got too much chin, chin; too much cheekee; why don't you go?

Tak. 'Caus. I aln't ready to go yet, I expect to do some business with you before I leave. Say John, you'll notice I am just chuck full of business, and I've got rather a peculiar way of making myself at home wherever I am at, too. (*sits down, feet on table*) Say, where's your hat rack? Come here and hang up my hat while I look over these papers. You hav'nt got a pair of slippers here that would fit me have you? Now let me see; (*looks over papers*) yes, wrote up that fellow for 1500 and that one for—say yellow, you havn't got a cigar about your person, have you? (*looks up*

Sing. Sing smokee opium. No smokee toback.

Tak. Well, I can't smoke opium. Say, are you going to hang up my hat?

Sing. Me no hang hatee; me do washee.

Tak. Why! Ain't you the shoe black of this establishment?

Sing. Melican man talkee like fool. (*excited*

Tak. Why! say China, you know me, don't you?

Enter, GYP *and* RACHEL, R., 3 E.

Gyp. O! excuse me, I heard you talking with some one in here and I thought it might be the person we wanted to see.

Sing. She not come yet, I'll tell you when she comes.

Rachel. (*shakes* GYP'S *arm*) Say, there is two of them here now. (*to* TAKEMQUICK) Say, are you two fellows brothers? You look enough alike to be: do tell now are you?

Tak. Say, don't you call me a Chinaman, if you please, but we will let it pass this time. My name is Takemquick (*hands card*) here take a card; take a couple if you want 'em. I represent the Great Equitable Life, Fire and Tornado Insurance Co. Do you carry a policy?

Rachel. No! nor I don't want a policy.

Tak. Then maybe the younger lady would take out a policy.

Gyp. No sir! I don't care for any insurance, or any insurance agents. Come on Rachel.

Sing. Melican man allee samee make mashee.

Tak. (*gets front of* GYP *and* RACHEL) Hold on just a moment; you ought to carry insurance; everybody ought to in fact.

Gyp. Please stand aside and let us pass.

Rachel. Let me at him and see how quick he will move!

Tak. Just a moment ladies. (*to* RACHEL) You ought to carry insurance; remember you are advanced in years, you are growing old, you are—

Rachel. How dare you call me old?

Gyp. (*grabs* RACHEL'S *arm*) Come on Rachel.

Tak. Insurance is one of the greatest, grandest and—

Rachel. I'd like to scratch your eyes out, you—

Gyp. O! Rachel, do come on!

Tak. Insurance is now and ever will be—

Rachel. O! shut up!

Sing. Yi! yi! fight! fight! yi! yi! yip! yah!

Enter, THORNTON, L. E.

Thorn. What the devil is all this noise about, (*grabs* TAKEMQUCK) what the deuce are you doing? I'll just throw you our in the street and let you sober up. (GYP *and* RACHEL *exit* R., 3 E.

Tak. Gently, sir, gently. Let me take your life; just a moment, sir, and I will write you out the sweetest policy.

Thorn. No sir! out you go. (*swings him as if to pitch*

Tak. Let me write you up first.

Thorn. (*throws* TAKEMQUICK *out* L.) Don't you ever show your face in here again, if you do I'll break your back for you. (*turns*) Now then Sing, what the—

Tak. (*out* L.) Say, tell that Chinaman to throw my hat out through the window, will you?

Thorn. (*to* SING) I want to know what the devil you mean—

Tak. (*sticks head in* L.) Say, please mister may I come in and get my hat?

Thorn. No! keep out of here if you don't want a broken head.

Tak. What the devil am I to do for a hat?

Thorn. Do without, curse you, or go and buy a new one.

Tak. Why, that's almost new. I ain't wore it but three years.

Sing. (*gets hat and gives* TAKEMQUICK) Me told Melican man better leave.

Thorn. Now let me give you a little advice, Mr.—

Tak. Takemquick is my name (*hands card*) have a card. I am representing the Great Equitable Life—

Thorn. Never mind sir! I don't want to know anything about your business. I just want to say this, if I ever see you around here again, there will be a first-class funeral, and you will be the chief actor. Do you understand?

Tak. O! Lord! and I havn't got a policy on my life! Good day; good day, sir! (*exit*, L. E.

Thorn. Now Sing, what does this mean? I come back here to find this house full of people. Didn't I tell you that I didn't want people prying in my business. Who was that fellow?

Sing. (*shakes head*) Don't know. Me told him to leave; wouldn't go. Allee samee Melican man dead beat I 'spect.

Thorn. Well, who were those women that went out just as I came in?

Sing. Melicans. Come here to see somebody.

Thorn. *The devil!* Who did they want to see?

Sing. Don't know.

Thorn. Don't lie now. You do know!

Sing. No lie, no lie, tell truth.

Thorn. Well, if they come back here before I do, tell them to go to the devil! (*exit*, L.

Sing. Me tell, you bet. (*turns irons; sings*) Me keepee little washee shop allee down street. Melican man makee muchee chin, chin, him a dead beat.

Enter, SISTER CARMETA, R., 1 E.

Now what devil, Charity Sister want? Me no give money to help build church; too many Melican's around here, you git! (*points* R.

Sister C. I am not begging money to build a church or anything else. I am looking for a couple of ladies that were to meet me here this afternoon—

Sing. One young?

Sister C. Yes, one young and good looking.

Sing. One old?

Sister C. The same.

Sing. Regular devil, scratch, pull hair. (*imitates.*

Sister C. You should not use such language. Havn't the Missionaries taught you that to swear is a sin and the Bible says—

Sing. Hop Sing no wantee hear lecture.

Sister C. Well, but the ladies, have they been here?

Sing. Wep!

Sister C. Will you tell me where they are now?

Sing. In there. (*points* R., 3 E.

Sister C. Very well, then with your permission I will join them. (*exit*, R., 3 E.

Sing. Wonder what Melicans all want here with Sing. I'll see, (*goes* R., 3 E., *listens, comes front*) yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw, that's way voice go. No pushee, no pullee. Melican girls tongue allee samee go like durn Oola,

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, L., 1 E., *slaps* SING *on shoulder.*

Tak. Well John, I'm back again. Just wrote up two more fellows. Business is rushing I tell you. Now I've come back to take you and your laundry. Don't say no, for it won't do any good. I'm going to take you any way. If you don't have a policy when you die, why, then you will "cuss" me for not making you carry about 1500. O! I know how it works.

Sing. *Work!* Melican man no workee, just chin, chin, you allee samee dead beat.

Tak. Say! Where's that fire eating son-of-a-gun that was going to kill me a while ago? Just trot him out and let him kill me. I'm all safe enough now. Is he around here anywhere?

Sing. Yonder he comes now. (*points*, L.

Tak. Good-by. I'll see you again after awhile. (*exit*, R

Sing. Yah! yah! Melican man allee samee coward.

Re-enter, TAKEMQUICK, R.

Tak. Who is a coward? I just went out to spit.

Enter, GYP, RACHEL *and* CARMETA, R., 3 E.

Gyp. Now then, Sister, if you will be kind enough to tell what your business is with—

Tak. One moment please. Allow me to make a proposition. My time is valuable, and as there are four of you here now that don't carry policies, I will write up the four of you at a small reduction.

Sister C. I beg pardon, but will you gentlemen grant us this room for a short time, we wish to— (RACHEL *goes* L.

Tak. Why certainly! take the room and all that's in it, me and the Chinaman too.

Sing. (*raises iron*) Melican woman allee samee get smashed.

Rachel. Yes! I'd just like to catch myself getting smashed by a Chinaman

Sister C. Well, are you gentlemen going to grant our request, and leave the room? I wish to convey some intelligence.

Tak. O! you want to talk things over do you, and you want us to leave the room?

Gyp. You will let us have the room to ourselves, won't you?

Tak. And you don't think I could write up about three of you, do you?

Rachel. You won't refuse a lady, will you?

Tak. No! You bet! I'll take all the ladies I can get.

Gyp. She means that you will not refuse to leave the room.

Tak. I can't refuse a young lady, especially a good looking young lady. I'll leave and I hope I'll have the honor of taking all of your lives in the "sweet by-and-by. (*exit* R., 1 E.

Sing. Me go too. (*aside*) Stop just out side the door and hear what Melican woman say too. (*exit* L., 1 E.

Gyp. Now then, will you be kind enough to tell us your name?

Rachel. Yes, and for goodness sake! raise that vail. I want to see your face.

Sister C. My true name and my face must remain a mystery for the present. You may call me Sister Carmeta.

Rachel. That's a peculiar name. Why didn't you choose something commoner, like Susan or Jane—

Gyp. Why should a Sister of Charity go under an assumed name?

Sister C. The reason, you will learn in good time, but I sent for you to come here this evening to learn something about Oscar and Clara Royalton.

Gyp. They are both dead, so what more can you tell us?

Rachel. Oscar was killed in a railway accident and Clara was—

Sister C. Burned in the house on Oscar Royalton's cattle ranch at Silver City, that's what—

Rachel. That was an awful fire, I lost a set of false teeth that I wouldn't have taken anything for.

Sister C. Gyp Golden, do you know that you are loosing a fortune?

Gyp. Did you send for me to listen to nonsense? I never had a fortune.

Rachel. And she never expects to have one, either.

Sister C. You are mistaken. You are "Gyp, The Heiress" and your furtune was stolen from you. All your money was held in trust by Oscar Royalton and he—

Gyp. Do you mean to say that Oscar would steal?

Rachel. Don't you dare accuse my nephew of stealing. (*holds up umbrella*) That umbrella has been in our family over forty years,

I don't like to part with old relics, but if you dare say that again, I'll— (*flourishing umbrella*

Sister C. I have made no accusation against Oscar. The money was held in trust by him. When he went to Cincinnati, he left all papers with Clara.

Gyp. But if what you say is true, why didn't Oscar and Clara tell me that I had a fortune in my own name?

Rachel. Yes, you just tell us that if you can!

Sister C. Your father was a very excentric man, Miss Golden, and it was his wish that you should remain in ignorance of your wealth until your twenty-first birthday,

Rachel. Gracious! How gauzy.

Gyp. But the murder, who committed—

Sister C. You have a cousin, Philip Darkwood, a "ne'er to do well," in fact a black sheep, who was supposed to be dead, but was not. He learned of your wea th and determined to have it. He demanded the papers of Clara; she refused to give them up, and rather than be balked in his purpose he killed her, secured the papers and set fire to the house to hide his crime.

Gyp. But Oscar?

Rachel. Yes, Oscar! did Darkwood kill him too?

Sister C. Oscar is not dead, but held a prisoner by Darkwood in Cincinnati. He, Oscar, was called there by a forged dispatch.

Gyp. Then, what are we to do?

Rachel. O! I wish he was in reach of this umbrella.

Enter, SING, L. E.

Sing. Have to git, Melican man comin.'

Sister C. Then let us go. Come to my house with me and I will tell you a plan. (*exit*, R.

Gyp. (*to* SING) We thank you sir, for the use of this room. (*exit*, R.

Sing. Allee right.

Rachel. Good-by, old pumpkin colored rat trap. (*exit*, R.

Sing. Chinee man allee samee eate rat, but he no painte face like Melican woman. (*irons*

Enter, THORNTON, L., 2 E.

Thorn. Well Sing, all alone I see. So much the better. I want to have a talk with you—I think I can see my way clear now, and if I am not badly mistaken we will soon have the Golden fortune in our hands. Ah! Sing, you done a good thing when you followed Royalton to Cincinnati and hit him that crack over the head with the bag of sand.

Sing. Allee samee do what Melican man say.

Thorn. Of course you did, and you will get paid for it too; and Sing, the best thing you did was to get that precious brother of yours to keep Royalton a prisoner. In doing that you showed more sense than I ever gave you credit of having.

Sing. Chinee man got more sense than Melican man any how.

Thorn. That's a matter of opinion, and I differ with you—but say, Sing, I'm out of money again and I want you to give me—

Sing. No do—no have—me got no money.

Thorn. I didn't ask you for a lie. I want some money. You've got it I know that. You have given money several times, but I need more, and when we get the Golden fortune, I will pay it all back and more too, but I must have a little money.

Sing. No got—putti more money day or two.

Thorn. Putti more devil or two. I'll not wait no day or two. I want the money now, I tell you! I'll pay it all back when I get old Golden's money, if I succeed—but, pshaw! it's bound to succeed, (*musingly*) havn't I got all the papers in my possession?

Sing. How muchee you going to give Sing?

Thorn. How much? Why, I'll give you $500.

Sing. $500?

Thorn. Yes, $500. It will make you rich, Sing.

Sing. I help you stealee $10,000, you give me $500. No do it. Want more. (*work this up*

Thorn. Want more? How much more?

Sing. Allee samee want half.

Thorn. What the devil do you mean?

Sing. Mean allee samee want half or no helpee.

Thorn. Why, curse your yellow hide, you'll get no half from me. Do you understand that? What the devil has got into you? You've gone too far to back out now.

Sing. Give me half or me tell.

Enter, SISTER CARMETA, R., 3 E., *listens.*

Thorn. Tell, thunder! What will you tell?

Sing. Me knowee. Allee samee hear Charity Sister talk.

Thorn. Sister of Charity? Who is she? What the devil did she say?

Sing. Say Melican man write nother man's name to paper.

Thorn. That's a lie!

Sing. Not. Him truth. Melican man allee same see "Dead Witness" some time.

Thorn. Bosh! Do you think I am fool enough to think that people leave their graves?

Sing. You see, you do more than that too. You alleee samee burn house, too.

Thorn. That's another lie!

Sing. Not lie—truth, all truth, me knowee.

Thorn. Keep that yellow mouth shut or you will have us both in jail before morning.

Sing. Don't care. You do more than that. Allee samee kill Melican girl. (*with force*

Thorn. Curse you! I never killed her. Who said I did?

Sing. Me. THORNTON *starts for* SING

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, R.

Tak. Well, if she ain't dead yet let me write her up. I'll write out, the sweetest policy.

Thorn. (*draws revolver*) You infernal meddling fool, down on your knees, and if you know a prayer say it. (TAKEMQUICK *on knees hands up, etc.*) Now Sing curse you, you've got to *die*! (*advances*

Sing. (*draws knife*) Look out, knifee allee samee poison. Melican man die like dog.

SING *and* THORNTON, *clinch; they fall;* SING *beneath*, THORNTON *raises revolver.* SISTER CARMETA *comes forward.*

Thorn. Now die, curse you.

Sister C. Philip Darkwood, look up, see the "Wead Witness."

SING *raises himself on elbow*, THORNTON, *bending over* SING, TAKEMQUICK *kneeling* R. *front, pro*[illegible] SISTER C., *pointing at* THORNTON.

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

SCENE.—THORNTON'S *law office, box scene, practical door* R. 1 E. *and* L. 1 E., *table* C., *chairs* R. *and* L., *fire place* L., HEZEKIAH *enter*, L.

Hez. Sleeping out at night boys,
Getting on a tight boys,
For I'm a bum, a jolly old bum
I live like a royal Turk.
If I have good luck in buming my chuck,
Go way with the man that works—

Gee whiz, how my head whirls. Two months in the hospital and got a sore head yet. If I ever strike the man that hit me with that bottle—but there's that "if." I've searched for him in vain for—

Enter, THORNTON, R., 3 E.

Thorn. Look here, sir, will you be good enough to tell me how you got in here?

Hez. (*points* L.) Door.

Thorn. What do you want?

Hez. See the proprietor.

Thorn. See here my friend, who the devil are you?

Hez. No body.

Thorn. Where do you live?

Hez. No where.

Thorn. Where are you going?

Hez. Any where.

Thorn. What do you do?

Hez. Nothing,

Thorn. Where did you come from?

Hez. Everywhere. I'll tell you partner, I've been in more strange counties, seen more curious people, eat more queer grub and drank more mean whiskey than any man out of jail.

Thorn. Then you are a common tramp.

Hez. Yes, sir, I'm nobody, ain't got a cent. I'm as hard up as a spring coon with a broken leg. I'm hungry, dry and in fact I am Hezekiah Hopeful, in hard luck and out of a job.

Thorn. (*aside*) The kind of a man I need. (*aloud*) Stay here and I will get you something to eat. (*exit* R., 1 E.

Hez. Ah! Si Thornton, I've found you out at last. I've not forgotten that lick over the head with a bottle. I'll "camp on your trail."

Enter, THORNTON R., 1 E.

Thorn. Here is something for you. (*sets bread and bottle on table*) It's the best I've got in the house.

Hez. (*grabs bread*) O! give us this day our daily "pie", here's luck. (*eats and drinks*

Thorn. You say that your name is Hopeful?

Hez. (*eating*) Yep. (*drinks*)

Thorn. You are the fellow that stole a coat in Leadville.

Hez. (*quickly*) No sir! don't know anything about it. It was not me. (*drinks*

Thorn. It was you too. The coat was worth $20.

Hez. Twenty dollars, thunder! I've got on the very coat. Do

you think this is worth $20?

Thorn. Ah! I thought I knew you.

Hez. (*aside*) But not as well as I know you.

Thorn. Look here, I am in need of a man here in my office, and I believe you are the man I want. I am a lawyer—

Hez. Is your name Marks?

Thorn. This is not Uncle Tom's Cabin, you fool.

Hez. Well you look a good deal like Uncle Tom.

Thorn. You are not just right in the upper story are you?

Hez. No! I some times have fits, caused by getting struck over the head with a bottle.

Thorn. (*quickly*) What's that?

Hez. I said the whiskey was running low in this bottle. (*drinks*

Thorn. You will get more when that's gone. Say, listen to me —to make a long story short, if you will stay here and do what I tell you to, I'll see that you won't loose anything by it—is it a bargain?

Hez. Don't know but what I go you once. That's what I call a snap—I'm yours.

Thorn. Then stay here until I come back. But mind you, if I see anything crooked about you. (*shows revolver*

Hez. Hold on, put that up. They sometimes goes off when they ain't loaded.

Thorn. (*aside*) A perfect fool. Nothing to fear from him. (*aloud*) Pshaw! I am not going to shoot you.

Hez. I know that, but you might throw it.

Thorn. If a young lady calls during my absence, tell her to call this afternoon. (*exit* L.

Hez. I'll make love to her till you come back. (*seated*) Now this is what I call luck. Find the very man I am looking for and get to stay in his office. Hopeful you've camped on the right trail this time.

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, R.

Tak. Let me take your life.

Hez. Wa-wa-what!

Tak. I've come to take your life.

Hez. Wan't anything else do you?

Tak. No! sir, I am going to take you. (*business with paper*

Hez. Well, wait till I wrap up this bread and finish getting on the out side of the contents of this bottle, and I guess I'm ready.

Tak. Takemquick is my name sir. I represent the Great Equitable Life, Fire and Tornado Insurance Co. of—

Hez. Life Insurance, gosh! (*aside*) I thought he was another man altogether. (*aloud*) Say, you remember the way you come in here, don't you? Well, it's still open. Git! (*advances.*

Tak. What are you going to do?

Hez. Going to paint an Italian sunset under your eye. (*business*

Tak. Hold on! now, don't use brute force, but let us argue the matter. Now—

Hez. No sir! I am in the decorative business now. If you don't want a Fresco done on your cheek, you git! (*pushes* TAKEMQUICK *out* R.

Tak. (*out* R.) I'll write you up if it takes a leg.

Hez. I thought he would get a got on him. (*seated*

Enter, GYP, L., 1 E.

Gyp.. Is Mr. Thornton in?

Hez. No he's—(*looks up*) What! Gyp Golden?

Gyp. Hopeful! You here?

Hez. Yes, I'm here, but what are you doing here?

Gyp. Rather let me ask you the same question. I didn't suppose you would ever show your face again in this part of the country, after acting the coward and deserting us at the very hour our trouble began.

Hez. Now, let me tell you about that Miss Gyp—you see I got a crack over the head with a bottle the night the house burned down—

Gyp. But why didn't you come back? You didn't seem to care whether we were dead or not.

Hez. Well I'll tell you; I was the only man around there; they might have had some suspicions that I done the work, and then do you know what would have happened? Why, they would have put a rope around my neck, threw the rope over a limb, and then as the musicians say, I would have done a difficult execution on one string.

Gyp. Yes, but you might have come after the excitement died down. Oscar left you in charge of his cattle ranch. Do you think that you have done your duty?

Hez. I laid in the hospital two months with a sore head; when I got out I went to Silver City in search of you, but you had gone no one knew where. Clara and Oscar was both dead, so the people at the ranch told me, so I started to find the fellow that struck me over the head with that bottle—

Gyp. And I suppose you will keep on hunting and tramping all the rest of your life?

Hez. Not much! For I have found my man, and now I'm going to help you get back all your money.

Gyp. Really, Mr. Hopeful! Well, your valuable assistance will have to be declined. You are a little late with your offer, and besides my lawyer, Mr. Thornton, is doing all that can be done to retrieve what money I did have, and by the way you may tell him that—

Hez. (*rises*) Good God! did you trust Si Thornton? He is the worst enemy you have got.

Gyp. What! You must be crazy or drunk. Stand aside and let me pass!

Hez. I'll not! Gyp Golden, listen to me. The man who murdered Clara and Oscar, set fire to the house, stole your fortune, and cracked me over the head with that bottle, is Philip Darkwood.

Gyp. Well, I know that sir! and if that is all you have to say, let me pass?

Hez. But that isn't all, Darkwood and Thornton is one and all the same person.

Gyp. What! Good heavens! What do you mean. Speak! Don't stand there like a dummy. Say something; why do you make such charges against Mr. Thornton? You must be mad.

Hez. I thought I'd startle you, but it's the truth and I've got a scheme to beat him.

Gyp. O! What am I to do? I thought I had found a friend. What is to become of me, cast upon the world, friendless, penniless, father, mother, friends, everything gone. I can beg, starve or die and what difference will it make to anyone.

Hez. Don't talk about dying; rather think about living. To die is the last thing you will ever do.

Gyp. But what is there for me to live for? Not one thing. O! why can't the happy days of the past be recalled?

Hez. Because that ain't natural, and then besides there will be just as happy and bright days in the future as there has been in the past.

Gyp. But not for me, I am a homeless, friendless wanderer.

Hez. Gyp, listen to me. I am a tramp I know, but I am not devoid of all honor, and I swear that I will see you righted. I will restore your lost fortune. I only ask you to trust me a few days. I swore to be revenged on Thornton, and I will keep my oath.

Gyp. O! will you be my friend? I need a friend so much. I believe I can trust you. I never can thank you enough for the encouraging words you have spoken to me.

Hez. Spare your thanks until I have earned them and let me give you a good motto—treat every man as a thief until he has proven himself to be honest. Miss Gyp, you are surrounded by enemy's on all sides; here take this (*hands revolver*) and defend yourself. You have lived on a ranch long enough to know how to use it. Now then you must go before Thornton comes back. (GYP *goes* L.) Wait, have you any money?

Gyp. Not a cent in the world. I pawned my last piece of jewelry —a ring that Oscar gave me—for money enough to—

Hez. Good heavens! and to think that you are "Gyp, The Heiress" to. Here (*takes out money*) here is five dollars, all I have, now don't refuse, take it, I wish it was more, it will keep you from starving, take it and don't mind about me, I'll get along without it, I always have lived up to date. Now go.

Gyp. O! Hopeful, I never can thank you—

Hez. Never mind about that but go. Trust in me for a few days and everything will come out all right; now go. (*shows her out* L.) Ah! things are working, (*rubs hands*) and now for a little work on my book, (*produces manuscript*) when it is finished I'll live in style, for it will be a master piece of fiction. I'll make the tears course down the cheek that is seamed and furrowed by the lines of care. I'll make the tear course down the cheek that is rudy with the warmth and glow of youth and—hold on Hopeful you are getting poetical and that won't do, but she will be a great book just the same. I've got an elegant title for my great piece of fiction: "Fatal Effects of Love in a Cottage." Ah! that's a taking title. Now let me see, where did I leave off, yes here it is, (*reads*) "She was sitting under the tall, stately elms, in the rustic seat, her beautiful golden brown hair falling to her waist like a cataract of pure gold." now (*writes*) "The balmy southern zephyrs was fanning her highly colored marble like cheek; her trim waist was encircled with a sash of beautiful azure blue ribbon about fourteen inches wide; the sun, like a great firey ball, was hanging high in the heavens and shedding his dazzling light on her golden brown hair, while the pale beams from the silvery moon—hold on Hopeful, the sun and the moon won't work together. Now, how will I fix that. I can't keep her sitting on that bench till sundown, O! yes, I have it, (*writes*) "her beautiful golden brown hair in its splendor out shone the blinding brilliancy of the sun and the silvery light of the pale moon. Over head, the blue birds were carroling forth their overture to the declining day, while—

Tak. (*out* L.) The villain still persued her.

Hez. No he didn't either, that's old and then besides the villain is over in New York. Now—

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, L.

didn't I tell you not to come back here again?

Tak. I just want to argue the case with you and prove the good points of insurance. You don't know what moment you may be in an accident. Why, just think of the Johnstown flood and—

Hez. They had a bigger accident than that over in Milwaukee the other day—big brewery destroyed—

Tak. How many lives lost?

Hez. Lives! There wasn't any, but there was five thousand kegs of beer lost.

Tak. Pshaw! What's that got to do with insurance? Let me tell you insurance is one of the greatest, grandest and most noble thoughts of man, and the great Equitable is the greatest company of them all. We have a paid up capital of $2,000,000. We pay all losses quicker—

Hez. Say! You ought to run a sausage factory.

Tak. Sausage factory? Why so?

Hez. 'Cause, you could furnish all the stuffing for nothing.

Tak. You havn't got the least bit of poetry about you. There is no more of the sublime about you, then there is about a grindstone.

Hez. Poetry! What do you know about poetry?

Tak. Why, sir! I used to write poetry. I wrote one beautiful piece, all about the beautiful, beautiful spring.

Hez. Are you going to "spring" it on us now?

Tak. Listen, and I will recite a verse or two of it. (*attitude*

In Spring-time the school girl skippeth and the small boy toots his bazoo.
The flowers bloom and the pigeons bill and coo—

Hez. The goslings twitter and the bridal couples swarm.
The hopeful hayseed puts a mortgage on his farm.

Tak. The first fly of spring to the air spreads his wing;
For warmer is growing the weather,
While roaming about, another thaws out,
They meet and fly off together—

Hez. To a playhouse they went on forage intent;
The people there present did scan,
One fly to the other, laughingly said,
Get on to the ball-headed man.

Tak. I haven't the least hesitation in saying that you are the biggest fool in the Rocky Mountains.

Hez. Well, I thought so myself until you came.

Tak. If you was back in Maine where I came from—

Hez. What! You come from Maine? Well, so did I, shake. (*shake hands*

Tak. What part of Maine are you from?

Hez. O! I come from the West part. (*shakes*

Tak. So did I. I came from Saddle-back Mountains.

Hez. I am from Hungry Hollow, close to lake Mooselock Maguntic, two miles from the Post Office, and feel as though I had known you for years.

Tak. Well, so do I, shake again. (*shakes*

Hez. Suppose we form a trust of ourselves, you write up their lives and I'll write out their wills.

Tak. Shake—we will do the brother act from now on.
(*music, join hands, go front, both sing*

Both. Then here we are the skeleton twins;
We just have happened along.
Tak. I've been in jail.
Hez. And so have I,
Both. We never done anything wrong.
Tak. They put me in for being too short;
Hez. And me for being too long.
Both. Then here we are twins.
We seem as though we are on needles and pins. (*dance*

Enter, THORNTON, R., 1 E., *Orchestra discontinue*, HEZEKIAH *and* TAKEMQUICK *run out* L.

Thorn. What the devil does all this noise mean? Do you want to have the whole town here?

Enter, SISTER CARMETA R.

Who the dickens are you, and what do you want? What are you here for?

Sister C. To avenge the death of Clara Royalton; to right Gyp Golden.

Thorn. What do you mean, woman?

Sister C. Coward! Murderer! can you stand there and ask that question? Your race is nearly over, Philip Darkwood.

Thorn. (*aside*) Heavens! what can she mean; has my crime been discovered? (*aloud*) You know me by that name?

Sister C. Your crimes are known—"forger, thief, murderer." Ah! you tremble; where is your boasted bravery? Why don't you shoot, you miserable coward?

Thorn. Curse you, *I will shoot!* (*shoots*

Sister C. (*throws bullet on stage; laughs*) Ha! ha! try again.

Thorn. Who in the fiends name are you?

Sister C. The "Dead Witness" Philip Darkwood, this is the second time you have seen me; beware of the third time, for that will be the day of reckoning. (*exit*, R.

Thorn. Heavens! I believe that mysterious Sister of Charity has made me nervous. Who in the name of all that's good and bad, can she be? She knows me and my only chance of safety is in flight. I hate to leave Royalton's money, but there is no other way. I have the Golden fortune, (*takes papers out of pocket*) but I wanted Royalton's money too, but it will take time to get that and time is what I haven't got. I'll lock these papers up; I don't feel safe in carrying them any longer. (*starts* L.

Enter, HEZEKIAH, L., *scared; arrow sticking through hat.*

What's the matter with you? Where are you going?

Hez. Let me out! Let me out! I'll not stay in this country any longer. Let me go, etc.

Thorn. I will not let you go until you tell what is the matter. What have you seen?

Hez. Injuns! injuns! injuns!

Thorn. Pshaw! There are no Indians around here. It was your imagination.

Hez. Wasn't either; it was Indians. I saw them.

Thorn. But I tell you there isn't a hostile Indian within one-hundred miles of here, Imagination, sir.

Hez. Imagination the—(*taks off hat; sees arrow*) there! there! there! you don't call that a cupid's arrow do you?

Thorn. I want to lock some papers in my desk, then I will talk to you. (*exit*, L.

Hez. (*holds up arrow*) Imagination, the devil. I never seen imagination with feathers on it before.

Re-enter, THORNTON L., *keys in hand.*

Thorn. Hopeful, how would you like to leave here (*put keys in out-side coat pocket*) and go to, well say Canada. I am thinking of leaving this part of the country. How would you like to go with me? You shan't loose anything by going.

Hez. (*steals keys out of* THORNTON'S *pocket*) Gosh! yes; that just suits me. When do you want to go?

Thorn. We will start in the morning. I will go down town to arrange some business. Don't tell anyone that we are going away, mind you. (*exit*, R.

Hez. (*examines keys*) Ah! that's the idea that will let me in that desk; now for Gyp Golden's fortune. Si Thornton, stand from under for something is going to drop with a dull, sickening thud. Look out Hopeful. (*puts keys in pocket*

Re-enter, THORNTON, L.

Thorn. What the devil are you doing?

Hez. Gosh! did you see that rat? Rat ran down there bigger than a dog.

Thorn. Traitor! What are you hiding in that pocket?

Hez. Nothing. I was after my revolver. I was going to shoot that rat.

Thorn. That's a lie! You don't carry a revolver in that pocket.

Hez. (*draws large revolver*) Yes, I do too! Look out, I've got a gun-of-a-gun here that kicks like a mule. I know, for I raised it from a colt. (*calls*) Takemquick!

Enter, TAKEMQUICK, L. E.

Thorn. What the devil do you mean?

Hez. Business! Takemquick, write this fellow up quick.

Tak. Only too glad I assure you. (*business*

Thorn. What are you going to do?

Hez. Going to knock the bung out of your beer reservoir. Are you ready Takemquick?

Tak. (*writes*) Let's see, age about 35; height, about six feet; color—um—color—

Hez. Oh! coffee color. (THORNTON, *slips forward*

Tak. Eyes are—yes they are—

Hez. Green, can't you see. Have you got that all down? (THORNTON *grabs* HEZEKIAH'S *revolver, exit*) Thunder, he is gone! Go, get him Takemquick.

Tak. No sir! He has got a gun and he is just the kind of man to lay for a feller too. I think I'll leave. (*exit*, HEZEKIAH) Dam this country anyhow, they live too fast for me. I long for the green hills of Maine, and I am going there too. (*exit*, R.

Re-enter, HEZEKIAH, L. E., *papers in hand.*

Hez. There, he stole my gun and I've stole the papers that claim Gyp's fortune, and I guess we are about even. Now what will I do with that wad of manuscript? I don't want to carry it in my pocket —O! I know what to do; there is a loose brick in that fire-place. I'll hide the papers there, (*goes to fire-place*) just the fit. (*come front*) There, that's chapter two. Now for my novel.

Enter, THORNTON, R.

Thorn. Heavens! I've been robbed; my pockets picked; my keys gone—

Hez. Who done it?

Thorn. How the devil do I know? A bunch of keys have been stolen from me. (*aside*) Now I must break open that desk and see if everything is safe.

Enter, OSCAR, R. E., *disguised.*

Oscar. Ah! Si Thornton, I've found you at last have I? (*both draw revolvers*

Hez. Hold on gentleman, hold on, I want my novel. (*gets manuscript from table*, THORNTON L., *examines revolver;* OSCAR R., *examines revolver*) Say! if you fellows are bound to kill one another, let me tell you a way that's not so barbarous. Here, I've got the nicest set of paste-boards (*holds up deck of cards*) you ever saw. Now you fellers play a game of Euchre, and the one that gets beat dies.

Oscar. (*to* THORNTON) What do you say to that, have you the nerve?

Thorn. Who the devil are you?

Oscar. That doesn't matter; answer my question, will you play?

Hez. (*to* THORNTON) Play him, play him, it's a dead sure thing.

Thorn. Yes, I'll play you. (*seated* OSCAR R., THORNTON L., HEZEKIAH *back of table*) Deal the cards.

Hez. Now gentleman, a fair square game.

Thorn. Ah! hearts is trumps. (*they play*

Oscar. Yes, but spades will soon be your trump.

Hez. Don't get excited now boys. (*picks up revolvers unseen*

Oscar. Ah! At your old tricks again; you are cheating.

Thorn. I didn't. (*work this up*

Oscar. That's a lie! You did!

Thorn. (*reaches across table, pulls off* OSCAR'S *beard*) Ah! curse you. I thought I knew you. I swore to kill you—

Oscar. And I took the same oath to kill you.

Thorn. Now die, curse you. (*reaches for revolver*

Hez. (*presents two revolvers*) Boys you are euchred, I've go both bowers.

PICTURE—SLOW CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Same as Act III. RACHEL *seated* R., HEZEKIAH L. *of stage. Curtain up to quick music.*

Rachel. Ah! Mr. Hopeful, I believe everything will come out all right yet.

Hez. O! I don't know. A river always settles before it clears, and everything else does the same.

Rachel. You never settled your board bill before you cleared the last town, did you? I had a dream last night and I always thought there were a great deal in dreams. I know lots of people that has had dreams that turned out just as the dream was, and my dream was that I was in Heaven—

Hez. Well, why didn't you stay? What did you come back for?

Rachel Ah! Everything looks brighter this morning. There, Mr. Hopeful, didn't you see that burst of sunshine?

Hez. No! I didn't see anything "bust" but my heart.

Rachel. Gracious! You surprise me. What's the matter?

Hez. Oh! Love! love!

Rachel. (*aside*) I wonder if it is catching. I believe I'll stay and risk it. (*aloud*) I'll tell you the best thing you can do for a case of love.

Hez. What! get married?

Rachel. No! go down to the drug store and take a pint of pure cod liver oil.

Hez. O! I am too far gone for cod liver oil.

Rachel. Well, who is the person that has captured your heart?

Hez. Why, don't you know!

Rachel. I haven't the faintest suspicion.

Hez. Why, it's you!

Rachel. Me? O! goodness, I believe I'll faint.

Hez. O! don't, please don't!

Rachel. I won't; but go on.

Hez. Don't you think we could organize a trust just between ourselves? Say now don't you?

Rachel. Why, I-I-I-don't know; would you quit drinking?

Hez. Yes. (*slips chair towards* RACHEL

Rachel. Gambling and all your bad habits.

Hez. Yes. (*slips chair*

Rachel. Always do just as I say?

Hez. Yes. (*slips chair*

Rachel. Let me do just as I please?

Hez. Yes.

RACHEL *goes up stage and reads note, then comes down center of stage*

Rachel. Well no, Mr. Hopeful, if you would do all that, I think you are most too soft for me.

Hez. And is that your answer?

(*slips* C. *and falls over* RACHEL'S *chair*

Rachel. Yes—well you come to me when you have $5000 and I will talk to you. (*puts note in pocket*

Hez. Five thousand dollars. (*whistles*) Say, wouldn't $5 do as well?

Rachel. Why do you ask me that? (RACHEL *rises*

Hez. 'Cause, I believe I could get $5, but not $5000.

Enter, GYP, L. E., *reading note.*

Gyp. "Be sure to come by 8 o'clock; it is necessary that you should be there"—what can these notes mean—

Rachel. Why! good morning Gyp, but what are you so interested in—a letter?

Gyp. I hardly know what to think. I received two notes requesting my presence here—

Hez. I'll bet old "Willie Whiskers" is up to more devilment.

Rachel. (*to* GYP) That's strange, for I received two notes asking me to come here—

Gyp. There is no name signed to either of them. I can't understand—

Rachel. Neither can I; taking all together it is the strangest thing I ever knew of. Now here is my note—

(*shot* L., RACHEL *and* GYP *retreat* R.

Gyp. What can be the meaning of that?

THORNTON *staggers in* L., *falls* C. *of stage. Enter,* OSCAR *in disguise,* R.

Hez. "Willie Whiskers" by thunder; now what the—

Oscar. What's the meaning of this? What did that shot mean? Speak man, you are not dumb!

Thorn. Fool! Can't you see that I am dying?

Gyp. What! dying?

Oscar. Dying! What are you talking about?

Thorn. (*holds up hand covered with blood*) See! That cursed Chinaman has done for me at last. He swore to have revenge and the yellow dog has kept his oath—

Hez. Well life is an awful uncertain disease.

Rachel. And the "wages of sin is death."

Hez. When are you going to draw your salary?

Oscar. (*to* THORNTON) Shall I get you a physician?

Thorn. Physician! No! I can die soon enough without any meddling—(*sharply*) Curse you, why don't you leave? Why do you stand here like a crowd of gaping idiots?

Enter, SISTER CARMETA, L. E.

Sister C. Philip Darkwood, I have come to keep my promis e—

Thorn. You! Curse you, why do you come to see me die? I suppose you will be satisfied when you know I am dead.

Sister C. I told you, you would see me three times and that the third time would be the day of reckoning between us. Where is Gyp Go.den's fortune? (*work this up*

Thorn. Who in the devils name are you?

Sister C. (*raises veil*) See for yourself.

Thorn. (*falls back*) My God! back—from—the—grave—

Gyp. (*runs forward*) Oh! Clara!

Oscar. What! Not dead! It can't be possible!

Hez. Well I'm a son-of-a-gun.

Rachel. I knew it! I knew things would come out all right. I said things looked brighter, and it was all on account of that dream too.

Thorn. (*raises arm*) My crime has found me out; my race is run; with all my plotting and scheming I have lost the Golden fortune. I played for high stakes—

Clara. And you've lost.

Hez. Yes, he will "cash out looser" in this game.

Rachel. Poor man. I can sympathize with him.

Thorn. K·ˇp your sympathy for those that want it. (*to* CLARA) My evil star must have been shining, for all my schemes have been a flat failure. In my mad race for money I failed to kill you, (*to* OSCAR) and you have escaped by the aid of a traitor.

Oscar. Yes, the Chinaman proved a traitor to you, but a friend to me, and at last justice has—

Thorn. Don't talk to me of "justice," Oscar Royalton—

Gyp. Oscar Royalton?

Oscar. (*takes off beard*) Yes, Oscar Royalton!

Hez. (*to* RACHEL) More dreams old lady.

Rachel. O! shut up, and quit calling me old.

Oscar. (*leads* GYP *forward*) Philip Darkwood look up, let me introduce my wife.

Clara. Your wife!

Thorn. What do you mean by introducing a farce at this stage of the drama?

Oscar. Simply what I said. It was Anson Golden's wish that I should marry Gyp on her 21st birthday, or sooner if her enemy's tried to defraud her of her fortune. We were secretly married three months ago, just a few days before your forged dispatch reached me calling me to Cincinnati.

Rachel. O! I knew it! I knew it!

Hez. More dreams! More dreams!

Thorn. My time is short, I am slowly bleeding to death as you see, but before I go, I want to say this—Gyp Golden, as I shall still call you, I planned to steal your fortune but failed, for my keys were stolen yesterday and my desk rifled of its contents, and among them were all the papers that belonged to you. I will die with the knowledge that you will never have the benefit of the money I schemed so hard to get. I have lost my spirits but—

Hez. Well here! (*hands flask*) I have some left.

Thorn. (*takes flask*) Listen to my toast—

"Then stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies;
I drink to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies." (DANTE)

(*to* HEZEKIAH) Assist me. (HEZEKIAH *helps him rise, go* R., *turns*) Here is my parting to you—I say: "Curse you! Curse you all."

(*exit to slow music*

Rachel. Gracious! that makes me nervous!

Gyp. He can't be in his right mind.

Oscar. No one in their right mind would drink the "devils toast."

Gyp. I think some explanations should be made now.

Rachel. Yes, so do I. When two people, supposed to be dead, both come around alive and well, I think it will require a great deal of explanations.

Oscar. Then I will commence first—The dispatch I received calling me to the East, was a clever forgery of Darkwoods; Hop Sing, a Chinaman in the employ of Darkwood, dogged my steps and struck me with a sand bag, then I was removed to an obscure part of the city and held a close prisoner. Darkwood and the Chinaman quarreled; the Chinaman released me and told me where to find Darkwood, and to make a long story short, I did find Darkwood yesterday; we had some words, the servant interfered; I left in search of Gyp, but failed to find her and returned here this morning, and you know the result. Now then, Clara, let us hear your story for I know it must be a strange one.

Clara. It is a strange story, but to commence at the beginning—When Darkwood struck me with the knife that night I fainted, and

when my senses returned I found that the house was on fire and liable to fall in any moment. I thought of the trap door leading to the cellar. I was very weak from loss of blood, but managed to crawl to the trap, raise it and lower myself into the cellar, then I managed to get through the undar-ground passage leading to the cyclone cellar, where I stayed until the next day. I knew that every one thought me dead, and I thought that I could do more toward restoring the papers that Darkwood stole from me, by letting him think I was dead. I took the garb of a Sister of Charity, and played upon Darkwood's superstitious fears with what success you all know.

Rachel. Well, everything is coming out just like a novel or a play. Now, if they would just get married and live happily ever after—but I forgot, you are married ain't you?

Gyp. Yes, but everything is not all right, think of that poor man having to die.

Rachel. Rubbish! Let him die, and if he don't find a warmer climate than this, I miss my guess, that's all.

Oscar. Gyp, it is too bad to think that after all we should have to loose your fortune.

Enter, HEZEKIAH, R.

Hez. Who said the fortune was lost?

Clara. Why, we all say so. The papers were stolen from me and in turn stolen from Darkwood—

Hez. Gyp, didn't I say I would be a friend to you? Course I did and I meant what I said. My word is just as good as my note any day.

Rachel. That's poor security.

Oscar. What do you mean? Do you know anything of the stolen papers?

Hez. Gosh! Yes, I stole them myself. (*goes to fire-place and gets papers*) There, see if they are all right. (*hands them to* OSCAR.

Oscar. Yes, every one of them are all right. Hopeful you deserve more than thanks, I have a proposition to offer you.

Hez. Well "spring it" I can stand anything.

Oscar. How would you like to have half interest in my cattle ranch at Silver City?

Hez. Oh! What's crawling on you?

Oscar. I mean just what I say. I shall give you half interest.

Hez. (*to* RACHEL) Say, how would half interest in a cattle ranch catch you. As well as $5000?

Rachel. I don't know. It will take time to decide.

Hez. How long a time?

Rachel. O! a long time.

Hez. A month?

Rachel. (*sharply*) No!

Hez. A week?

Rachel. No!

Hez. A day?

Rachel. N-n-no.

Hez. (*to* OSCAR) I'll take the ranch. I've got her a-goin'. (*to* RACHEL) Then how long will it take?

Rachel. O! A long time.

Hez. Well, how long?

Rachel. Why, it will take five minutes.

Hez. (*to* OSCAR) Say, have you got a watch? Time her.

Oscar. Gyp—Clara, make your arrangements to start for the East by morning, for I know you will not want to stay in a place where you have seen so much trouble and suffering. What do you say, Gyp?

Gyp. I leave that with you, Oscar.

Clara. I say go, for I never could be content here again.

Oscar. Then, hurrah! for the East. We start in the morning, and we will leave without a sigh of regret—"Gyp the Heiress" is no more, but Gyp Royalton, now.

Hez. (*to* RACHEL) Times up. Don't take five minutes long to pass. Give me your answer, will you take me and the cattle ranch? Hurry up, I want to rejoice a little on my own account.

Rachel. Give me a minutes grace. I don't want to decide too quick.

Gyp. (*to* CLARA) You have proven yourself to be a true friend to me as well as the others. I can never thank you enough—

Oscar. Ah! Gyp, we will always remember the timely assistance of the "Dead Witness."

CURTAIN.

THE END.

NUGGET NELL;

—OR,—

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A Border Drama in 5 acts, for 8 male and 5 female characters. This drama is replete with startling situations and thrilling incidents.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The Land of Gold.

Scene I—Toomstone, a mining town in California. Jerry Mack's saloon. Guy Lester, king of counterfeitors. Nugget Nell. The toast. Claim "96". The meanest man. A plan to steal Charley Grey's dust. Arrival of Major Dolittle, from Kentuck. Nell and the Major. A love scene, which ends in "gin and peppermint."

Scene II.—Charley Grey and Mack. Ebony, the boot black. Ebony's advice. Guy Lester, the octoroon. Toomstone quiet. "Slaves, runaway niggers." Ebony keeps his eyes open.

Scene III.—Sacramento Joe and Nugget Nell. Nell's history. The little black book. Nell locks Sacramento Joe in the cellar. Bell and Mack. Guy discovers Mack's secret. "Nigger whipper, slave driver." The quarrel. Sacramento Joe. "Don't pull boys, I've got the drop on ye, and I don't give a cuss."

ACT II.—Home of Bell Mack.

Scene I.—Nell's advice. Ebony tells Nell of the raid to be made on Charley Grey's cabin. "Nugget Nell will be on deck to-night." "I golly, dis chile will be dar' too."

Scene II.—Mack's bad luck. A compact of crime sealed. Nugget Nell on the warpath. Ebony's fright, "Now I—I—lay me down."

Scene III.—Charley Grey's cabin. Mack and Guy searching for the gold dust. Timely arrival of Nell and Ebony. "Throw up your hands or you are dead men." Escape of the robbers. Sacramento Joe, "I don't care a cuss."

ACT III.—Arthur Brandon's Home.

Scene I.—The lost child. A living trouble. Bessie Grey deposits the gold dust in Mr. Brandon's safe. Guy Lester interviews Mr. Brandon in regards to the Grey's gold.

Scene II.—Peterson, the apple sass man from Vermont, in search of a meal. Ebony and Peterson. Snubbed by Bessie. "Squashed, tetotally squashed."

Scene III.—Mack and Guy congratulate themselves on their escaping Nell's bullet. "Charley Grey's wife will run Toomstone. Peterson and his four barrels of apple sass. "Polly Ann Spriggins." Peterson proposes to Nugget Nell. The game of cards, Bessie Grey interrupts the game. The way to Vermont. The wife beater. Mack faces Nugget Nell's rifle the second time.

Scene IV.—Peterson, "a thin pair of pants and a light heart." Murder of Sacramento Joe. Nugget Nell on the war path.

Scene V.—The safe robbery and murder of Mrs. Brandon. Nugget Nell arrives on the scene.

ACT IV.—Gold Dust Saloon.

Scene I.—Ebony and Nell. Arrest of Nugget Nell for the murder of Mrs. Brandon. "I'm not guilty."

Scene II.—Major Dolittle and Ebony. Jennie, the octoroon, a runaway slave, meets her former master. The slave brand. "I could kill you."

Scene III.—Bells grief at the arrest of Nugget Nell; Ebony's attempt to comfort her. "I golly, dis chile's eyes am leakin'."

ACT V.—Street.

Scene I.—Mack and Guy break open the jail and escape with Nugget Nell, the prisoner, to the mountain. Major Dolittle and Ebony arrange a plan to rescue Nugget Nell. Guy's secret discovered.

Scene II.—Jennie tells Guy of her meeting Major Dolittle, "that cursed mark." Jennie and Nell in the cave. The quarrel, Jennie's murderous attempt to kill Nell, Mack interferes. The secret of the octoroons disclosed. Jennie stabs Mack. Guy and Jennie escape. Ebony and Major Dolittle rescue Nugget Nell. Mack reveals to Nell who her parents are.

Scene III.—Return of Nell, Ebony and Major Dolittle, to Toomstone. News of Mack's death. Charley Grey regains his stolen gold. Nell to return East with her father. Ebony can't be left behind to be hoo-dooed.

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